'Ere round the huge Oak.

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'ERE round the huge oak, that o'er shadows yon mill,
The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine,
E'er that church was a ruin, that nods on yon hill,
Or the rook built its neſt in the pine.

Could I trace back the time to a far diſtant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field,
The farm I now hold on your honor's eſtate
Is the ſame that my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his ſon a good name
Which unſullied deſcended to me,
For my child I've preſerv'd it, unblemiſh'd with ſhame,
And it ſtill from a ſpot ſhall be free.